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— THE —

# JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR,

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

Designed Expressly for the Education and Elevation of the Young.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

No. 5.	CONTENTS.	Vol. 23.
CHINESE MOUNTAIN FARMING, ( <i>Illustrated</i> ) by C. ....	65	COMMON-SENSE ..... 73
A TRUE NARRATION, by J. B. ....	66	MAKE THE BEST OF IT ..... 73
REVENGE by Maggie Brandley ..... 67		THE CHAMPS ELYSEES, ( <i>Illustrated</i> ) ..... 74
AN INQUIRY, by H. P. D. .... 68		AN ORANGE HUNT, by Homespun ..... 75
OLD-TIME STREETS ..... 69		FAULT-FINDING REPROVED ..... 75
FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS—The Boy Who Recommends Himself—Questions on Church History—Heartless Prayers—The Loaf That Was Hung—If I Shall be Missed, etc. ....	70, 71	A SACRED HISTORY, by Thomas A. Shreeve ..... 76
EDITORIAL THOUGHTS ..... 72		HE INJURES NO ONE BUT HIMSELF, by R. C. .... 77
		TOPICS OF THE TIMES, by The Editor ..... 78
		NORA RAY, Words and Music by H. Tuckett ..... 80

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# THE COMING BOOK.

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THE undersigned takes great pleasure in announcing a forthcoming volume, which was contemplated and partially prepared twenty years ago—when a measurably complete biographical outline of the subject appeared in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. The book has been in active progress and revision during the past four years; but has been delayed by circumstances well-known to the public, long past the time at which we had hoped to issue it. It is

## THE LIFE OF JOSEPH SMITH,

which will be issued from the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR Office about the 1st of August, 1888.

The Volume will consist of about 500 pages of small pica reading matter and will be accompanied by fine steel-plate portraits of the Prophet and Patriarch.

It is perhaps needless to add that during the years of labor which have been lovingly devoted to this book and its sublime subject, every possible effort has been exerted to make it complete and authentic.

This is the first of a series of volumes on kindred subjects now in course of preparation by the same author, and which will be issued as rapidly as the matter can undergo final revision.

GEORGE Q. CANNON.

P. S.—As the first edition of this valuable work will be limited it is desirable that all orders be forwarded at an early day, and they will be promptly filled on the issuance of the book.

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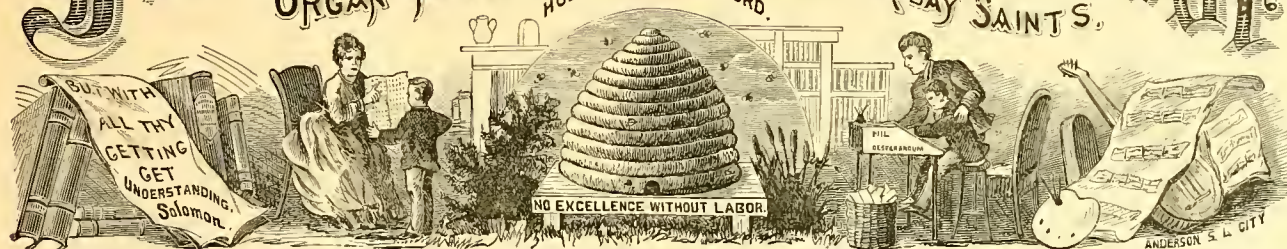
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# THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

ORGAN FOR YOUNG LATTER-DAY SAINTS.



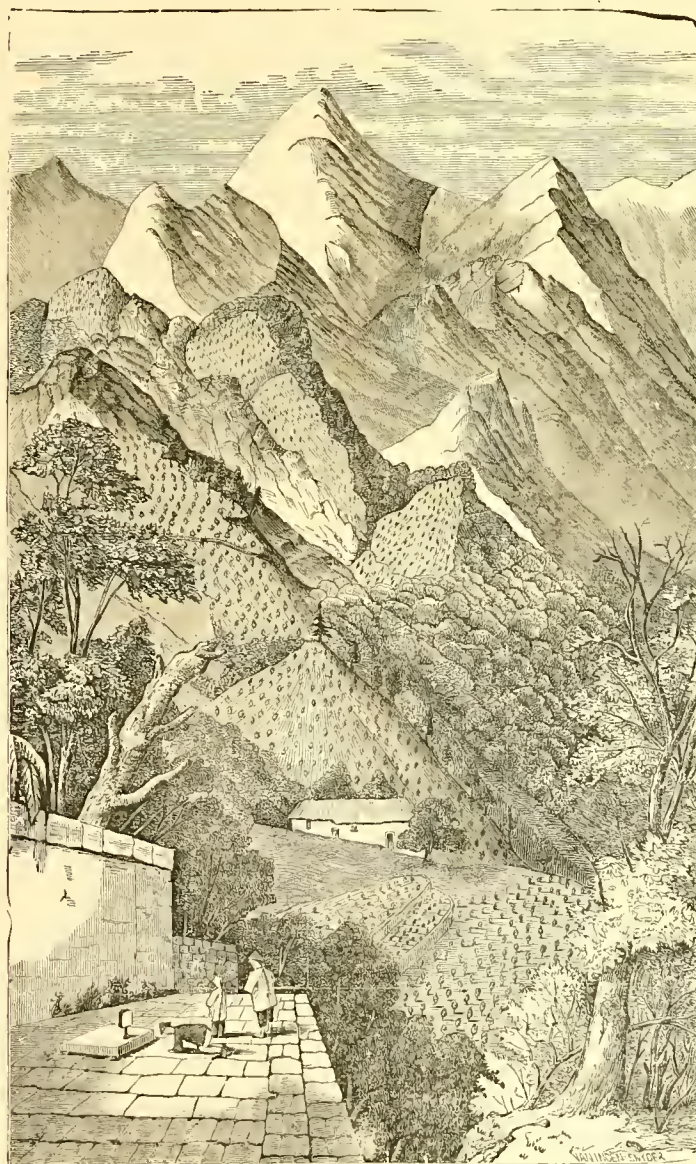
VOL. XXIII.

SALT LAKE CITY, MARCH 1, 1888.

NO. 5.

## CHINESE MOUNTAIN FARMING.

THE artist has here presented before us such a scene as he probably never saw himself,—such a scene as you or I never saw and most likely never will see. It is, as the title shows, intended to represent a curious habit of that most curious of all nations, the Chinese, and, since we are informed by travelers that such really is their practice, it proves how carefully each spot of ground, no matter under how difficult circumstances, is made use of. Who would think that in a country of such great extent as the Chinese empire it would be necessary, much less profitable, to cultivate steep hills to their very summits as we see in the engraving has been done! However, when it is stated that that empire numbers in the neighborhood of four hundred millions of people, or something like eight times as many as the whole United States, it will not seem so wonderful that they farm the mountains, but rather that their land, mountains and all, can possibly furnish sustenance for so enormous a population. Yet it does, for they are perfect farmers. They use not only every foot of arable land, but also the marshes along their rivers and sea



coasts as well. Besides this, they get several crops a year from the same soil, which they fertilize, irrigate and cultivate with the greatest care.

Among other peculiarities you who have seen Chinamen have noticed that their heads are kept cleanly shaved, except a small portion, the hair of which is developed and encouraged and braided into a long cue. Now where there are say a hundred millions of heads to shave,—and there are probably many more—barbers must be numerous, and the “shavings” must amount to considerable in the course of a year. What do you think they do with all that short stubby hair which they so regularly scrape off? “Burn it, of course!” No; although that would seem the simplest way to get rid of it. A Chinaman doesn’t burn anything just merely to get rid of it. He is too economical for that. The gardeners and farmers collect carefully every bit of it, perhaps even pay for it, and—who can guess what a gardener could do with anything so seemingly useless? Well, I’ll tell you. They put a little pinch of it with each seed as they drop it into the ground, and in this manner



secure the benefit of what they have proven to be one of the best fertilizers in the world! I fancy some of you look incredulous about that, but it is a fact nevertheless. And now, after you have digested that, I guess the idea of farming all over the side of the mountains will not seem so very unreasonable.

In many directions we smart Americans and Europeans are finding out that we can learn a great deal from these enterprising foreigners. I do not know of anything though, unless it is the laundry business, in which they can give us better lessons than in market gardening. Why, even here in Salt Lake City, where land is plenty and comparatively cheap, it is surprising how carefully they tend their gardens. A green grocer told me not long since that a stranger to the business would scarcely believe how successful the Chinese market gardeners in and near this city are. He said they not only raised more and better products, but, notwithstanding the unceasing labor they bestowed on their crops, made far better profits than their "civilized" competitors. For certain kinds of produce during the very late and very early portions of the year, he told me he was compelled to apply to them, no one else being able to supply the demand at what might be considered such unseasonable times. They do not need to use hair here, it is doubtful if they could collect enough to pay them for their trouble, but I know they are always on hand to haul away any stable manure that any one, not too far distant, wants to get rid of.

I have a little friend in San Francisco who took great delight in showing me, as I did in watching, during a recent visit, the operations of the Chinese gardeners there. They have pretty nearly monopolized the business, and no wonder, for no one can equal them. A weed scarcely gets its head out of the ground before their fingers are at it; and they water and hoe and dig and manure, day in and day out, putting in a new crop the very hour the old one is gathered, until I came very near believing the extravagant remark of my little companion—that where one day it was bare the next it was quite green, the next there was a growth an inch high, and the next day after that the crop was ripe!

Perhaps in your ideas of Chinese gardening you have imagined they spent all their time on tea. If so you have made a great mistake, for those who have come to America and who know how to cultivate everything, have brought their knowledge and skill with them from the "Flowery Kingdom," as they delight to call it. The tea-plant forms the crop with which the artist has dotted the hills and slopes in the picture; but all kinds of fruit and vegetables, depending of course on the climate, are raised in the various parts of the empire, while, as I said before, even the marshes and sloughs yield something. It is there that the great Chinese food, rice, is cultivated in such abundance, and travelers tell us that, as if the land were not large enough to hold its people, thousands are born, and live, and die, on the floating-dwellings along their rivers and coasts.

I said in the beginning it was unlikely that any of us would ever see such a scene as that given in the engraving. But that would not be so unlikely an event after all! Who knows but what in the future, many of my little readers may go into every part of that strange land bearing the truths of the gospel to preach to the people? There may be thousands ready to listen to them.

That little chap on the platform worshipping his dead grandfather, needs some religious instructions, evidently; yet he is only doing what his grandfather himself did, and what they

are all educated to do. You see, therefore, that though there are some things in which they surpass us and set us a good example, there is very much which to their benefit we could teach them. C.

## A TRUE NARRATION.

BY J. B.

I WILL here give a brief sketch of some things that I experienced when I was a young lad, hoping that it may cause some of our good, thoughtful young boys to reflect a little on the good times they have in these the happy, prosperous vales of Utah, and help them, perhaps, to better sense and appreciate their pleasant and favored surroundings.

When I was nine years of age, I was put to work in the coal mines of Scotland, with my father, who had a large family of small children to support. Coal miners' wages at that time being very low, and provisions being dear, my father no doubt was pleased to have me employed, so as to earn a little to help him to make pecuniary ends meet.

I continued to work in the mines from this time till I had reached the age of twenty-four years; and many a narrow, marvelous escape from accidents and death I had during these eventful years, and much of mental anguish and bodily suffering I underwent during this long period of galling servitude, for, although it was my lot to labor underground, it never was my choice to do so. I had, however, joined the dusky ranks of a very hard working and rough class of beings, whose daily working hours were from twelve to sixteen hours, and whose system of labor was very irregular—sometimes the night-shift and sometimes the day-shift,—an order of things very common in mines when coal is in good demand, and where miners are plentiful.

Imagine my feelings when I would be called from my warm, comfortable bed, at the dead hour of the night, to go to my work, a distance of several miles from home, stumbling in the starless midnight darkness of Winter, and trudging drowsily along, through snow, mud or mire, to reach the cheerless chambers of my lower estate, where, with but the faint flicker of a tallow candle or an oil lamp to light my dreary cell, I must toil and sweat till my return journey would be an irksome task to my tired, feeble limbs.

Follow me now from frowning Winter to smiling Spring, and you see me sauntering pensively along behind my anxious father, while the verdant woods fairly ring with the mixed melody of gay and joyous birds, and where frisking, jubilant hares, rabbits and other game play around me in close proximity, as if to mock and tantalize me for being in such a gloomy state of abject servility. The freedom of beasts and their joy only served to vex me, and deepen my sadness. How often the thought has flashed to my mind, O, would I were free as those joyous songsters of the sylvan grove, and could sing with a heart as light and sweet as they! But these reflections brought no alleviation to me, except, perhaps, that obtained by the shedding of a few tears—I must haste to meet the appointed hour of muster, my dull routine of monotonous toil must be patiently suffered and endured.

For a whole Winter I would be deprived of God's blessed sunshine, except on Sundays, when all labor was suspended. Then it was when I first learned to love and bless the holy Sabbath day as those only can whose youthful liberty has been violated and outraged.

Under the circumstances narrated, you will readily perceive that my chances for education were necessarily limited. What little schooling I obtained was snatched from the dull, cumbersome hours of pressing want and duty—at the lamp-lit desks of the evening schools, and often when so tired that my bed would have suited me better. Indeed, I have many times laid my wearied head down on my desk and gone to sleep, to be startled and awakened suddenly, perhaps, by the ready cane or strap of the wrathful teacher.

Now, my young readers, hard as you may think my youthful experience to have been, it is but a reflex of the lot of thousands of other boys in the world who have had to pass through similar hardships, and labor in mines year in and year out for a scanty subsistence. It is true that there are now laws in force in foreign lands to punish parents and guardians of children who neglect their education; but penury and oppression will always be strong hindrances in the way of general and thorough education.

I trust, my young friends, that the facts here set forth may prove an incentive to you and tend to awaken in you a deep and abiding interest in your happy and prosperous homes, enabling you to contrast yourselves with others of equal merit but with lesser privileges and opportunities: for it is only by comparison or contrast of ways and means that we are qualified fully to sense and understand the many blessings that God has so kindly placed within our reach.

The youth of Israel are favored and blessed beyond the children of all other lands and people. They have the living oracles of God continually in their midst, to teach them the ways of everlasting life in its full and complete order. And through the benign blessings of God on the surrounding elements, they have streams of pure water to drink from, pure, refreshing mountain air to breathe, and unadulterated food to eat. They live in a country where, as the Constitution provides, tyranny is despised and ignored. They are free from oppressive toil, have plenty of good Sabbath and day schools, a sufficiency of recreations and amusements, and are clad comfortably and suitably for all the seasons of the year. Good health and vigorous minds are the natural concomitants of these favored conditions, and praise and gratitude are due to God who has planted us here in the midst of all these blessings: to live in peace and security, while the wicked shall be convulsed with the plagues and calamities that await them for their rebellion and wickedness.

Boys, be awake, and learn the importance of your birth and your privileges. Be advised by those whose years and experience fit them to be your moral and religious tutors, and deny yourselves not of the great use that God means to make of you in this world, if you are faithful.

He will use you to represent the kingdom that Daniel saw in prophetic vision, until all shall own it with due respect and gladly share the healing lustre of its wondrous glory.

A TRAVELER in South America tells of a peculiar dinner-table custom in Peru: "This is a demonstration of politeness or something warmer, and consists in selecting a choice morsel from the dish before you, and handing it on your fork to some lady present, who is privileged to return the compliment. It seems that on her part the compliment is intensified by taking the morsel between her forefinger and thumb, and with all the delicacy imaginable placing it in the mouth of the gentleman who had presented it."

## REVENGE.

BY MAGGIE BRANDLEY.

"In our passionate blindness,  
We send forth curses whose deep stings recoil,  
Oft on ourselves."

MRS. HEMANS.

IT has been said that revenge is sweet. It may be so, but it is only in the gratification of pride and selfishness, and therefore the pleasure must be only momentary, while the final impression must be anything but pleasant. Indeed, with the conscientious individual, the after-thought must be bitter remorse.

It is an easy matter to bestow kindness for kindness, to give friendship for friendship, charity for charity, and love for love. But to do good for evil is the more Saint-like. In Christ's Sermon on the Mount we find the words:

Ye have heard that it hath been said, thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.

That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven, for He maketh His sun to rise on the just and on the unjust, and sendeth rain on the evil and on the good.

For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? Do not even the publicans the same?

And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? Do not even the publicans so?

Revenge should be curbed, nay, blotted out in its infancy; for it is this passion blended with its kindred one, jealousy, that is the root of much crime and even bloodshed.

And here again, we may say, that revenge may be subdued by charity. Charity is a great conqueror and, in fact, "*Charity never faileth.*" It is said that the noblest revenge we can take upon an enemy, is to do him a kindness.

Friends, let us not live a lifetime harboring in our hearts some old "grudge," for an injury done us, perhaps years ago; let us not keep our kisses for the brow that has been chilled in death, nor our floral offerings for the bier and lowly mound. But now, while we have opportunity, let our hearts soften and our hands be sowing seeds of love. And heeding the admonition of the Prophet, "Let not the sun go down upon our wrath."

## BENEFIT OF POVERTY.

NORTHCOTE, the painter, was once asked if a certain gentleman, who had shown skill in drawing, would not make a great artist. "No, never," he replied, "for he has six thousand pounds a year."

The man had no motive to undergo the drudgery and continuous study necessary to the making of a great artist. He needed that which has spurred many men into greatness—the stimulus of poverty.

Lord Eldon was poor when he began the practice of law. He applied to Lord Chancellor Thurlow, who was his friend, to appoint him to a lucrative office; but Thurlow refused, saying he did him a favor in appointing some one else.

Years after, Eldon saw that the refusal was a favor, and wrote, "What he meant was, that he had learned I was by nature indolent, and want alone could make me industrious."

Many men have been hidden by their wealth, who, if they had been poor, would have become illustrious.



## AN INQUIRY.

BY H. P. D.

*(Continued from page 52.)*

OUR young friend Frank was leisurely walking in the streets of B—in deep thought when he met a celebrated divine, of the Baptist persuasion. Having but a limited acquaintance with each other, they merely bowed a recognition, and were in the act of passing, when Frank bethought himself that this was a fitting time to learn something more definite concerning what most occupied his thoughts. He had learned in the few books and some standard denominational works of that sect, that they claim to be able to trace their tenets of faith and practice clear back to the apostles and primitive Christians; and knowing Mr. L. to be a fine scholar and regarded as almost an oracle among the people—as a man whose judgment and penetration were considered an end of controversy on religious subjects, Frank turned about and called to him, at the same time asking him if he had leisure to spend a few moments in conversation. He gave him in a few words the state of his mind on the subject of religion. “I am in something of a hurry, just now,” said Mr. L., “but if you will accompany me to the church you may hear something to your advantage. Meantime as we walk you can state what you are most interested in, and I will be the better able to see and consider your troubles.” Frank then gave an outline of the conversation with the old gentleman, narrated in the last chapter. By this time they were at the church whither Mr. L. was going. They went in, and Frank took a seat in front of the stand, while the other went directly to the same and took a seat inside. Frank listened attentively to the sermon, hoping to hear something that would throw light on the topics suggested during their walk to the church, but nothing satisfactory was brought forward; and he left the house as ignorant on the points in which he was most interested as he was when he first came. He lingered in the church-yard in expectation of meeting Mr. L. again, who soon made his appearance. While the people were breaking off in all directions, Mr. L. very blandly accosted our young friend, and invited him to take dinner with him, pleasantly remarking that they would resume the conversation in his library.

Frank noticed that after the sermon a collection was taken up to help pay the salary of the preacher; but how much was made up he did not learn. After dinner was over they repaired to the library where the following conversation took place:

MR. L. Well, my friend, did you learn anything in the services to-day that illustrated any part of the teachings of the scriptures? In my remarks I had your case in view and endeavored to remove your main difficulties, which I hope was done.

FRANK. In much of your sermon I felt interested, but I must confess, you failed to remove from my mind the “main difficulties” as you call them.

MR. L. You will be so kind as to name these “difficulties” that trouble you, and then we will have the matter fairly before us, and can the more intelligently know how to deal with them.

FRANK. In tracing the history of the Baptists through the dark ages, back to the apostolic age, you rendered it quite probable that a people, holding your particular faith and practices, have existed under various names into remote antiquity.

All this I have read time and again in your standard denominational works; but in this does not lie the trouble with me. I fail to see in all this the gifts, powers and blessings enjoyed by early Christians in apostolic times.

MR. L. I was not aware that primitive Christians in the apostles’ days had any gifts, powers or blessings not enjoyed by us. Please state them more definitely, and I think I can satisfy your mind on such things.

FRANK. Christ promised to the apostles that certain signs should follow the believer in His church and no intimation is anywhere given in the New Testament that these signs should cease, and not be of force in it as long as it had an existence on the earth; and hence, I conclude that any church organization which is destitute of these signs is a very lame affair. The church of Christ must, it seems to me, of necessity retain all the elements of strength first given to it; for if any of them should cease and disappear, it must, to that extent, be wanting, and in consequence cannot be the efficient body it once was, if indeed at all in existence.

MR. L. You put the matter in a strong light, and you are evidently looking for too much. Let me tell you, my dear sir, that these miraculous manifestations of the spirit that were enjoyed by early Christians were merely given to establish the gospel on a firm basis, for you will perceive that such displays of the spirit were absolutely necessary then to counteract the widespread opposition to a new religion by the Jews. But after the new order of things was well established these miraculous manifestations were no longer necessary, and naturally ceased. Such displays of the spirit as you speak of were necessarily essential in the case of the apostle Paul, as when he was stricken down by the way to Damascus; but who will pretend to say that such gigantic intellects now must have similar scenes to convince them of the great truths of Christianity! Such truths are now so well established that no miraculous signs are necessary, and they have long since ceased and are not in force among any of the various evangelical denominations.

FRANK. You tell me that I am looking for too much, but if I am to take the scriptures for my guide instead of the opinions of men as expressed in their various denominational works, I see no way of explaining away such plain declarations as I find recorded there; and I cannot but insist upon it that I am not looking for too much in looking for what you are pleased to call “these miraculous manifestations of the spirit;” the more especially as they were promised to His church by its great Founder. From the very nature of things, it must take the same potent agency to perpetuate a system as to start it. Basing our calculations on this self-evident truth, we are led to conclude that the system of Christianity is no exception to it. The want of this powerful agency in the so-called Christian world—pardon me for the expression—has been the prime moving cause of the numerous sects that now divide and distract mankind everywhere on the subject of religion. It is worse than useless to refer me to this standard work, that, or the other, or to facts as they now exist in the Christian world, so long as such passages as the following remain in the New Testament, viz:—*Mark xvi*, 17, 18 and 20; *I Cor. xii*, 1, 7, 8, 9, 10 and the rest of the chapter and especially the 28th verse; see also *xiv*, 1, 5, 22, 24, 30, 31 and 39; *James v*, 14 and 15. These passages are enough to show that these things were in force in the church as established by Christ and practiced by early Christians, and if any injunction were needed to ward off any innovations from these well established facts, we have it from the Apostle Paul to the Gala-

tians, *Gal. i, 8, 9*: "But though we, or an angel from heaven preach *any other gospel* unto you than that which we have preached unto you, *let him be accursed.*" And as if to make assurance doubly sure, he repeats the warning in the ninth verse. Excuse me, Mr. L., if I have spoken longer than I should, for I did not see where to stop till now. But I shall be pleased to hear you further.

MR. L. The position you have taken renders it almost unnecessary to reply to you. You will scarcely dare to deny that the church of Christ has an existence on the earth. All history through the dark ages, to say nothing of the march of Christianity in modern times in subduing the wild passions of the human race, wherever it has penetrated, fully establishes the fact that the church has been perpetuated, even if no declarations of scripture could be adduced to support it. But to entirely set the matter at rest, the Savior, when He gave the great commission to His disciples said, "Lo I am with you *always*, even to the end of the world." As well might the new-made Christians in the days of Christ have clamored for the same ceremonies as were of force under the law of Moses, as for us now to contend for these defunct signs that have long since been done away with and not of force anywhere. You surely will not, cannot doubt, sir, that the religion which we profess and preach has a benign influence on the lives and consciences of the people, making them happy under afflictions, and rejoicing even at the near approach of death. To witness the death-bed scene of a Christian, or the ecstatic joys of the new convert, as I have often done, would surely dispel from your mind any such vague fancies as you seem to entertain, and put an end to your sign-seeking.

FRANK. Much that you say claims my serious consideration. But as to being a sign-seeker, I hope I am as far from any such thing as anyone. I am only seeking for the old land-marks that will clearly define the church as it once existed. The passages of scripture that I called your attention to a while ago, clearly define what the church was then, and I shall not rest satisfied until, if possible, I find a body of Christians still having these land-marks in their system. You claim, I believe, to have the same ordinances, practices and doctrine that primitive Christians had, and yet at the same time you utterly repudiate apostles, prophets, miracles, diversities of tongues, healing the sick by the means set forth in the scriptures. The apostles and others of primitive times, baptized for the remission of sins and laid on hands for the reception of the Holy Ghost. You Baptists baptize because sins are already professedly remitted, and you do not lay on hands for the reception of the Holy Ghost. It is clear to my mind that you have to this extent changed the ordinances. If the church of Christ has been perpetuated on the earth ever since the time of Christ, many of its most potent elements have been lopped off until it cannot be recognized by what we find belonged to it in primitive times according to the records of the New Testament. It then had apostles, prophets, the gifts of healing, miracles, diversities of tongues, and all the gifts of the spirit necessary to make its members know for themselves, and not have a mere belief, that it was the veritable church of Christ. It is true we have the record of the Bible, wherein we see what was made manifest through direct revelation to other people, and when any matter of controversy arose among them, their inspired men could set them right, and that was an end of the controversy. But so far as I have been able to learn, none of the so-called evangelical denominations claim any later revelation than the New Testament. Matters of controversy are often coming up among the mem-

bers of your own church, and for want of direct revelation from heaven, the breach becomes wider, divisions multiply, and sect after sect has been the result, until they amount to hundreds. I know that there is a form of religion in the world, and people get under the influence of it; their passions become excited through the fear of future punishment, and doubtless hundreds and thousands are honest and act up to all the light they have on this subject; their consciences excusing or accusing in accordance to the great moral law implanted in the bosom of every human being. In the absence of any direct communication from heaven, men are perfectly powerless to act above or outside of this moral law. If the consciences of men excuse them they are tranquil and happy, but if, on the contrary, they accuse them, they are unhappy. And now, Mr. L., as you seem so patient in listening to what I am saying, please permit me to make one other observation, and I must bid you adieu for the present. Suppose you had a fine farm with all the necessary buildings on it, stock and machinery to carry on an extensive business. You employ a husbandman to take care of it and give all the necessary instructions to him as to the management of your interests, while you take a journey into a far country. Your employer manages the trust reposed in him as long as your instructions last; but by and by new conditions arise, calling for full and explicit instructions from you. He seeks you through all the channels of information open to him, but can get no word from you. Your absence is prolonged; the husbandman dies and the estate falls into the hands of others and is run without a word of instruction from you. These new parties know by hear-say that the premises belonged to a Mr. L., but of his whereabouts they know nothing. In what kind of a condition do you suppose your farm would be should you suddenly return after an absence of several years? I leave you to make the application and draw your own inferences. So good-day, Mr. L. I hope when we meet again we may be more nearly of the same mind.

(To be Continued.)

## OLD-TIME STREETS.

IN the beginning of the twelfth century, men began to think that pestilences were not visitations of Providence, but the result of uncleanness and filth. Consequent upon that belief the ill-smelling streets of Paris were paved. At once dysenteries and spotted fever diminished; a sanitary condition approaching that of the Moorish cities of Spain, which had been paved for centuries, was attained. In that now beautiful metropolis it was forbidden to keep swine, an ordinance which the monks of the Abbey of St. Anthony resented, they demanding that the pigs of that saint should go where they chose. A compromise was effected by requiring that bells should be fastened to the animals' necks. King Philip, the son of Louis the Fat, had been killed by his horse stumbling over a sow. Prohibitions were published against throwing slops out of the windows. Paving was followed by attempts at the construction of drains and sewers. Then followed the lighting of the public thoroughfares. At first, houses facing the street were compelled to have candles or lamps in their windows; then the system of having public lamps was tried, but this was not brought to perfection until the present century, when lighting by gas was invented. Contemporaneously with public lamps, were improved organizations for night-watchmen and police, and thus traveling by night lost its last remaining terrors.



# FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

## THE BOY WHO RECOMMENDS HIMSELF.

BY JOHN MCCLELLAN.

A GENTLEMAN advertised for a boy, and nearly fifty applicants presented themselves to him. Out of the whole number he selected one and dismissed the rest.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you selected that boy, who had not a single recommendation."

"You are mistaken," said the gentleman; "he had a great many. He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him, showing that he was careful. He gave his seat instantly to that lame old man, showing that he was thoughtful. He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly, showing that he was gentlemanly. He picked up a book which was lying on the floor, showing that he was orderly. When I talked with him I noticed his finger-nails were clean. And also he waited quietly for his turn, showing that he was honorable. These are much better than letters of recommendation."

## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NO. 3.

1. WHAT was the condition of affairs in Nauvoo during the early Summer of 1844? A. Joseph's enemies howled around him like a pack of wolves, indulging in the most murderous threats, and forming all kinds of plots to compass his destruction.

2. Who were the leaders of this crusade? A. The Laws, the Higbees, the Fosters and many other apostates who were in league with them.

3. What was the demeanor of the Prophet during these trying times? A. He was steadfast and courageous, and in his anxiety to cheer and comfort the Saints he seemed to forget that he was the target at which every dart was hurled.

4. What was the immediate result of the actions and plots of those miserable apostates? A. Mobs began to gather in the surrounding country threatening to drive the Saints from Nauvoo.

5. When was the Nauvoo Legion ordered out and the city declared under martial law? A. June 18th, 1844.

6. By whose authority was this done? A. By order of Joseph Smith, the mayor, who issued a proclamation to that effect.

7. What did General Joseph Smith and other officers of the Legion do on the 20th of June, 1844? A. They examined the approaches to Nauvoo as a preparatory measure for defense.

8. What other important matter did the Prophet attend to upon this date? A. He sent for the Twelve Apostles, who were upon missions, to come home immediately.

## QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. AFTER seeing the arms delivered and while on his way to Carthage again, what significant words did the Prophet utter to some of the brethren? 2. Before the company reached Carthage from whom did he receive a letter? 3. What did Woods have to say regarding the governor? 4. When did Joseph and his company arrive in Carthage? 5. While passing the public square how did many of the troops conduct themselves? 6. Were these things witnessed by the governor? 7. What did Bro. C. H. Wheelock learn from a party of apostates who were quartered in the same hotel where Governor Ford and Joseph and his companions had put up? 8. When Bro. Wheelock related this to Ford how did he treat the matter? 9. What was the nature of the pledge that the governor made to Joseph and the brethren before they left Nauvoo?

THE names of those who answered Questions on Church History, published in No. 3 are as follows: H. C. Blood, Jas. G. West, Lottie Fox, Annie S. Sessions, John F. Porter, Avilda L. Page, Martha S. Rockwood.

"MAMMA, I don't think the people who make dolls are very pious people," said a little girl to her mother, one day.

"Why not, my child?"

"Because they never teach them to kneel. I always have to lay my doll down on her stomach to say her prayers."



HEARTLESS PRAYERS.

"Thy kingdom come," prayed a bright-eyed boy;  
The words he was taught to say,  
But his thoughts were with his new-bought toy,  
And his mind intent on play.  
Carelessly fell from his lips the prayer,  
Then quickly he turned to go;  
If in that kingdom he had a share,  
He cared not to ask or know.

"Thy kingdom come," a young maiden prayed,  
And she thought her prayer sincere;  
But the needy poor besought her aid,  
And she turned a deafened ear.  
"What can I give to the poor?" she plead;  
"I have nothing I can spare;"  
Then she bought a costly gem instead,  
To deck her beautiful hair.

"Thy kingdom come," prayed a widowed one,  
Repeating it o'er and o'er;  
Then rose from her knees to urge her son  
Not to sail for the foreign shore.  
"Let others the name of Jesus preach,  
But you are my only boy,  
If you go in distant lands to teach,  
My life will be robbed of joy."

"Thy kingdom come," came in trembling voice  
From a man about to die;  
"God bless the church of my early choice,  
And all of her needs supply;  
On earth, as in heaven, Thy will be done,"  
He added with failing breath;  
Then gave his wealth to his spendthrift son,  
And slept in the arms of death.

THE LOAF THAT WAS HUNG.

WHAT do you think this loaf of bread had done  
that it should be hung instead of eaten?

Well, the loaf hadn't done anything wrong, but  
the baker had, for he made a batch of bread, and  
every one of the loaves was short in weight.

So to cure him of cheating his customers, and  
as a warning to other bakers, the magistrate had  
one of the loaves fastened by a string to the great  
statue of Charles I., on horseback, that I have  
often seen at Charing Cross, in London, when I  
was a little girl.

I didn't see the loaf of bread hanging there,

for that happened two years before I was born,  
but I expect many other little girls did, and won-  
dered what it meant, for the loaf hung and swung  
in the wind and rain until it was all washed  
away!

The baker who made it must have felt pretty  
badly, for there was a card fastened to the loaf,  
giving in large letters the name of the man who  
made it, and telling the number of loaves he had  
made of short weight.

That happened in 1810, when the laws in Eng-  
land were pretty strict, but wouldn't it seem queer  
in these days and in this country to see the statue  
of Washington, or Lincoln, or Webster, with a  
loaf of bread that was short in weight hanging to  
it!

I remember hearing about this "Charing Cross"  
loaf several years after, and only wished I could  
have seen it hanging (as I always fancied it did)  
round the horse's neck, for they never would have  
put it round the king's neck.

IF I SHALL BE MISSED!

BY ROSE GERANIUM.

I AM slipping out into the morrow;  
I cannot live back through to-day,  
And the measures of life that I borrow  
Will soon all be wasted away.  
When these hands shall be folded in slumber,  
By fingers they cannot resist,  
When these pulses shall cease time to number,  
I wonder if I shall be missed!

And I wonder if there is a pleasure  
My living to others bestows,  
That cannot be equalled in measure,  
When I have lain down to repose.  
Oh, when from all eyes I am hidden,  
And calm my pale eyelids hath kissed,  
Will some tears of regret spring, unbidden?  
I wonder if I shall be missed!

A GOOD VERSE.—My little Lena says this verse,  
or something most like it, she learned from the  
Bible: "Little boys and girls, do what your  
mammias want you to, for this is right." Can  
you tell me where it is?

## The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, MARCH 1, 1888.

### EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

**W**HAT a terrible condition for an individual or a people to be in when the Lord takes away His word and withdraws His Spirit from them and will no longer bear with them! It is possible for individuals and for nations to be so sinful and hard in their hearts as to get into this condition. The Lord has said that His Spirit shall not always strive with man. He will warn him; He will call him to repentance; He will appeal to him in various ways; but if man will not repent, there comes a time when the Lord ceases to plead or strive with him, and he is left to the hardness of his heart and to that spirit of darkness and unbelief and impenitence which always accompanies the rejection of God's Holy Spirit. The nation which falls into this condition soon becomes ripe for the judgments of God to descend upon it. Its cup of iniquity becomes full, and when this is the case it is then ready for destruction.

One of the great attributes, however, of our Father in heaven is mercy. He bears with His children, and they have to go to great lengths before He utterly turns away from them. He is a tender parent and He loves His offspring, and He does everything in His power to save them. But His children have their free agency. He cannot force them to obey His law and to live lives of righteousness; He can only entreat them and offer such inducements to them as will appeal to their sense of right and as will cause them to accept His offers of mercy and forgiveness.

The entreaties of all God's servants to the people unto whom they have been sent with messages, have been that they should repent. Every promise of salvation which was made to them has been based upon their repentance.

When Israel transgressed and God sent His prophets to warn them, they were invariably told that if they would repent the Lord's anger would be turned away from them and He would forgive them. Whenever they did repent and confess their sins and call upon the Lord, His heart was softened towards them and He poured out His blessings upon them.

If they were in bondage, He sent them deliverance. If there was famine, He sent them plenty. If there was pestilence, He turned it away from them. There was no calamity from which they could not be delivered by genuine repentance.

So, also, with the Jaredites and the Nephites, as we find recorded in the Book of Mormon. The exhortations of the servants of God who were raised up from time to time among them were always of the same character as those of the prophets among the children of Israel in Canaan. They constantly dwelt upon the importance of the people repenting of their sins and of not being hard in their hearts. When threatened with utter and seemingly inevitable destruction, the Lord even then expressed His willingness to deliver them if they would only turn to Him and repent of their sins. The prophets were inspired to say to the Jaredites, and also to the

Nephites, that utter destruction would come upon them as nations if they did not repent.

A notable illustration of this is found in the prediction of the Prophet Samuel, the Lamanite. He told the Nephites, speaking in the name of the Lord, that—

Four hundred years shall not pass away before I will cause that they shall be smitten; yea, I will visit them with the sword and with famine, and with pestilence;

Yea, I will visit them in my fierce anger, and there shall be those of the fourth generation who shall live, of your enemies, to behold your utter destruction: and this shall surely come, *except ye repent*, saith the Lord; and those of the fourth generation shall visit your destruction.

But if ye will repent and return unto the Lord your God, I will turn away mine anger, saith the Lord; yea, thus saith the Lord, Blessed are they who will repent and turn unto me, but woe unto him that repenteth not.

It seems from this prediction that the salvation of the Nephite nation depended upon their repentance, and the destruction that befell them was entirely due to their refusal to repent of their sins.

What a lesson this should be to us! It seems like a very small requirement for the Lord to ask of His children that they should not harden their hearts, but should repent of their sins. Yet simple request as it is, it is of great importance to us as individuals and as a people.

Every child should be taught the importance of repentance. Some people seem to think that all that is necessary to secure salvation is to repent previous to baptism. Every servant of God will say this is necessary. But is this all? Certainly not. We should have the spirit of repentance every day that we live. We should repent of our shortcomings, our faults, and our sins, and confess them to our God every day. If we sin against our brethren or our sisters, we should ask forgiveness of them.

It is necessary that we should examine ourselves in the light of the spirit of God, that through its aid we may see our defects and be made humble thereby, and thus be led to repentance. Upon this point the Lord spoke with great plainness unto the Prophet Moroni. He said to him:

If men come unto me, I will show unto them their weakness. I give unto men weakness, that they may be humble; and my grace is sufficient for all men that humble themselves before me; for if they humble themselves before me and have faith in me, then will I make weak things become strong unto them.

According to these words, men's weaknesses may be a source of strength, because if they are shown unto them by the Lord, and they are kept humble thereby, they may be delivered from many snares. Certainly, the man who sees his weakness by the light of the spirit of God is not so liable to be lifted up in pride and vanity as he would be if those weaknesses were concealed from him. When a man is conscious of the many weaknesses to which he is subject, it causes a feeling of humility to enter his heart, and he is very likely to seek unto the Lord for strength. His heart is tender and easily influenced by the spirit and power of God. But if he relies upon his own strength and feels that he is sufficient in and of himself, he does not perceive the necessity of having recourse to the Almighty for His aid. He rejoices in his own self-righteousness and in his own strength, and is apt to be vain and proud and hard in his heart.

This is a feeling, O children, which you should avoid. Cultivate humility and meekness. Be lowly in your feelings. Seek for the spirit of penitence. Go to the Lord with a broken heart and a contrite spirit; for the Lord Jesus said:



And ye shall offer up unto me no more the shedding of blood; yea, your sacrifices and your burnt offerings shall be done away, for I will accept none of your sacrifices and your burnt offerings;

And ye shall offer for a sacrifice unto me a broken heart and a contrite spirit. And whoso cometh unto me with a broken heart and a contrite spirit, him will I baptize with fire and with the Holy Ghost.

These were the words of the Savior to the Nephites; but this is still the sacrifice which He requires of His people.

### COMMON-SENSE.

"I've got ten dollars, and I know just the dress I want to buy, but it will cost nearly every cent," said Mattie Lee, as she threw aside her hat and sat down by Grandma Lee. "So I thought I would come and see what you would say about it."

"What is the general style of the material you want to buy?" asked Grandma Lee.

"Oh, it's just perfectly splendid!" was the enthusiastic reply. "Julia Vernon has one, and Alice Crosby, and they are the two best-dressed girls I know."

"And have the richest fathers," added grandma, softly.

"O yes, I know! I suppose they have everything they want—of course they do; but, all the same, I want to look as well as anybody."

"And so you can," said grandma. "Now tell me, if you get the dress, how about the shoes?"

"Well, they will do for a little while," said Mattie, hesitatingly; "that is, with care, but they are not nice."

"And the gloves?"

"Perfectly horrible!" she responded, with a nervous laugh.

"And the laces and collars, the ribbons and little things that a young lady of fifteen thinks indispensable?"

"O dear, don't put me in mind of my motley collection! Father has had so little business this year that I haven't had any money to speak of, and mother has fixed over, and so have I, till I am tired."

"But how would the handsome dress look with those worn-out things?"

"Why, of course—not so nice; but then people wouldn't think of them as long as the dress was handsome."

"There is where you are mistaken, my dear, and so are a great many girls. People would notice them all the more on account of your one piece of finery. I would rather have handsome boots, gloves and laces, than all the fine dresses you could give me. Now I think of it, the pretty brown plaid you had last summer cannot be worn out."

"No, it is quite good, but the style is not fresh."

"And that clear brown, self-colored,—where is that?"

"All worn out! Why, grandma, that's a fright!"

"But wouldn't some of it do for trimming?"

"I have plenty of brown silk from a dress that mamma once had."

"Then I'll tell you how to spend your ten dollars. In the first place, rip up your dress, and make it by a new pattern. That you can easily do if you trim with the silk. Add new buttons, a fresh sash, and I think you do not need a new suit. Then buy yourself an elegant pair of button gaiters,—I have seen beautiful ones for four dollars,—handsome new gloves would be two more, and last you all the season. There are six of the ten. Buy some lace and silk for a dollar, and I will show you how to manufacture some pretty, stylish neckties.

"Our friend, the milliner, with whom you trade, is sure just now to have odds and ends of delicate shades of silk, which she will let you have for a mere song, and now I think of it, I have some old lace which you may use. Your feather will do, with a pretty new hat, and you can spend the rest of your money in ribbon and a few neat collars. If you intend to spend your money in dress, I don't see but you may look sweet and bright all the season if you use it in this manner, and those are the externals that give one an assurance that one is well dressed.

"Your new material would be of so flimsy a texture that it would not come out from under your own hands looking as it should, and certainly you could not afford to have it made by a dressmaker.

"When I see a young lady careful to look well about her hands, neck and feet, I feel sure that she never will make a slovenly appearance under any circumstances; but I beg to dissent that a showy dress covers deficiencies of that kind. There, now, you have grandma's advice. Is it worth anything?"

"Worth so much that I shall follow it," said Mattie, with decision. "I never could have bought gloves, let alone the shoes, and now I think of the silk,—there is abundance of it,—I am sure nobody will know the old dress under its transformation."

And nobody did. Sometimes Mattie gave a sigh to the memory of the "lovely thing" she had coveted; but while hers seemed yet fresh and tasteful, the others had to be thrown aside as worn out. So you see Miss Mattie received and profited by one thorough lesson in common-sense.

### MAKE THE BEST OF IT.

IT is one of the great arts of life to make the best of one's situation. The person who sits down and mopes and bemoans his fate when in adversity, is one who can never claim the honor of conqueror. If one avenue of employment is shut up to us, let us look quickly about for another, though it be ever so humble. The mind, with nothing else to feed on, soon gnaws away itself.

When the brilliant courtier, Sir Walter Raleigh, was confined in the Tower of London, he still would not suffer himself to sink under his adversities. He busied himself incessantly with the meagre facilities at hand in chemical pursuits, converting an old hen-house in the prison garden into a laboratory, and working away with enthusiasm with very crude materials.

Many a poor prisoner of state has beguiled the weary hours by making friends of the little mice which peered in on his solitude; by the culture of a flower on the window-ledge, saving for it a portion of water left for his meals, and even by taming the flies and spiders on the grated windows.

A gentleman of a scientific and literary turn, wrote out on the margins of old books and newspapers which were allowed him, a valuable work on natural science. For ink he used the snuff from his candle mixed with water, and a pointed stick served for a pen.

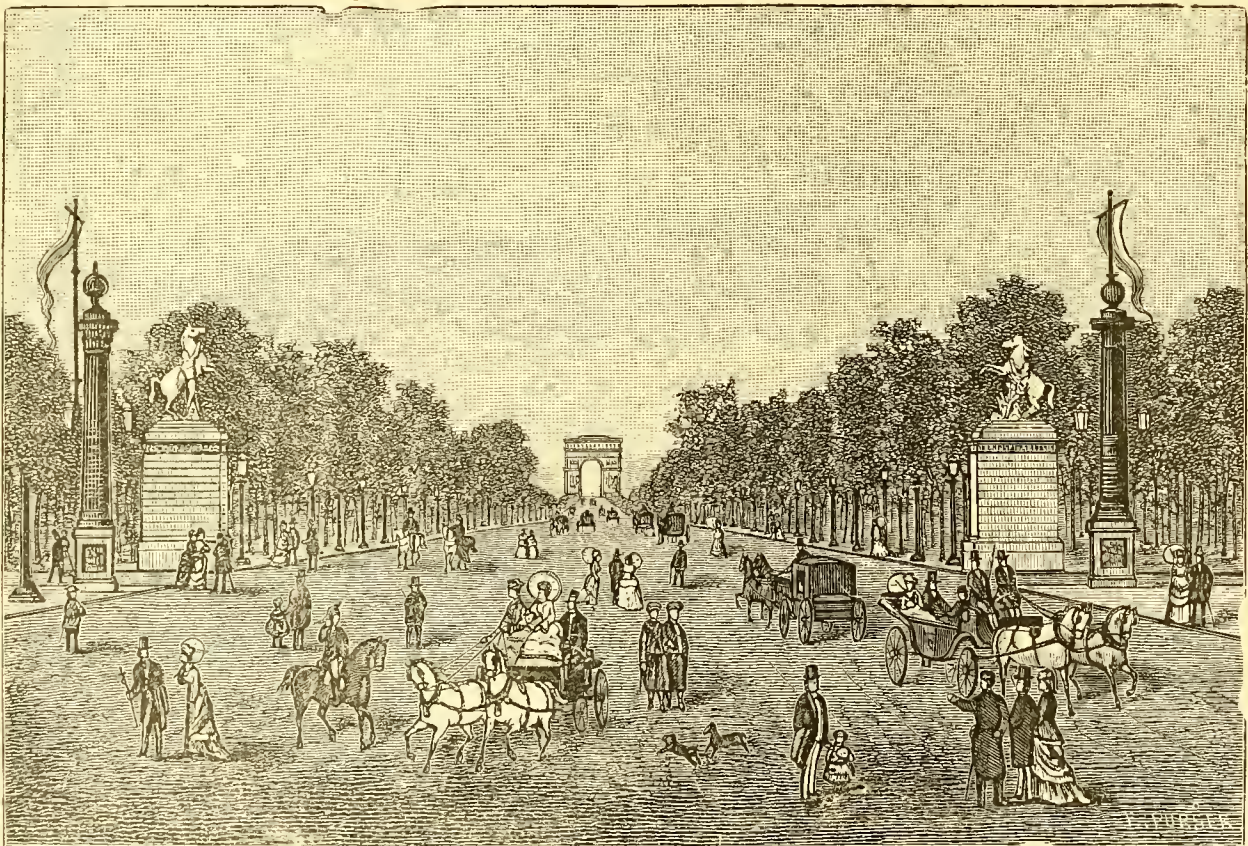
Surely these men had learned to make the best of their situations, to use to the best advantage the facilities at hand. With a clear conscience and the blessing of God, no one need count his case utterly hopeless. Only go forward and a way will open out of all your difficulties. "Get thy spindle and thy distaff ready, and the Lord will send the flax."



## THE CHAMPS ELYSEES.

WE have here a representation of one of the most magnificent avenues in Europe if not in the whole world—the famous Champs Elysees of Paris. I doubt if ever an article was written on the French capital without at least some mention of this beautiful street, which is, indeed, worthy of all the glowing praises that a walk or drive along its spacious extent call forth. In London there is Picadilly Street; in Berlin, Unter den Linden; in Vienna, Ring Street; in Munich, Maximilian Street; while in American cities New York has its Fifth Avenue, Washington its Pennsylvania Avenue, Cleveland its Euclid Avenue and each city, without enumerating further, one street distinguished above all others by reason of its width or length, the imposing buildings which adorn its sides, its popularity as a promenade or place of residence, or

ity and presents as brilliant a sight as one can seldom see elsewhere in a lifetime. Perhaps I did not grow so enthusiastic over the scene as some do, for I was just fresh from an unpleasant experience with a cab driver below, who I was sure had swindled me; and I was moreover disappointed with the rough plaster figures at the top of the arch, and now so close as to be within my reach, which from the ground looked so majestic and natural. Nevertheless the sight was a rare one! Back of me was the celebrated park, the Bois de Boulogne, with its lakes, walks, fountains, gardens and forests, to and from which the stream of travel below me was flowing. Looking towards the spot where you, my readers, would be standing in looking at the picture before you, I could see the Obelisk of Luxor, an ancient Egyptian monument presented to King Louis Philippe by the Pasha of Egypt, and brought from that country to Paris in 1836, at a cost of two million francs. Beyond that



its historical associations. Such is the Champs Elysees to the Parisian and to the tourist,—famous for its beauty, the buildings in the vicinity and the memories which cluster around it.

The view before us is taken from the Place de la Concorde, probably the handsomest Place in the world. We may imagine ourselves standing in the centre of this square looking down the avenue which extends a mile and a third in the distance. At its entrance, as we see in the picture, are two figures of horse-tamers; at the further end, which is shown at the background in the engraving, rises the Arc de Triomphe, the largest triumphal arch in existence, situated on a slight eminence and from the space surrounding which radiate twelve avenues like the spokes from the hub of a wheel. To see the Champs Elysees in all its beauty and excitement, you should ascend this arch, as I did, about five o'clock on a pleasant afternoon. The avenue is then a moving mass of carriages, horses and human-

and behind you were the gardens, groves and palace of the Tuileries, the palace mostly in ruins at the time of my visit and beyond them, the world-famous Louvre.

You stand, therefore, in imagination upon historic ground. Behind you are the Tuileries and the Louvre, in front of you the Champs Elysees, brilliant by day but still more gorgeous, if possible, by night, when it is said that as many as 25,000 separate lights are sometimes burning—not including the illuminations in the houses or cafes along the way. Along your left flows the Seine, across which is the building occupied by the Chamber of Deputies, to your right, not far away, is the Vendôme Column, the bronze in which was obtained by melting down 1,200 Austrian and Russian cannon captured by the great Napoleon.

So much for your surroundings as you stand in the Place de la Concorde looking in admiration down the shady avenue



before you. But there is a dark and bloody page of history written right where you stand! Right there was erected the guillotine, which between the time of Louis XVI. and Napoleon I. spilt the blood of so many victims. The Place even before that time witnessed the death of about twelve hundred persons at one time, crushed during a panic caused by the explosion of some rockets at the marriage of Louis XVI. (he was at the time only Prince Louis) with Marie Antoinette. Sad as that calamity was, far worse was to follow. In January, 1793, the king was beheaded here, and the bloody work began. A few months later, his queen, the beautiful Marie Antoinette, met a like fate; four weeks afterwards, Philip, Duke of Orleans, whose son Louis Philippe was afterwards king, was a victim, followed within a few months by the late king's sister, Madame Elizabeth. Charlotte Corday, Marat and followers, Danton and followers and the monster Robespierre with about eighty of his miserable tools of infamy, are among the list of *twenty-eight hundred* victims who perished here during a little more than two years. The first husband of Josephine, afterwards Empress of France, met the fate of the others, and she herself was already doomed and hourly expected death, when deliverance came by the fall of Robespierre. No wonder that the remark was made, when the two immense and splendid fountains were erected which now adorn the Place: "all the water in the world will not wash out the blood stains."

## OUR ORANGE HUNT.

BY HOMESPUN.

I AM sure it will be interesting to my little friends in Utah to hear how and where we get oranges. I have never had the privilege of going for this delicious fruit but once in the last two years, so I was quite as anxious and interested as any one of you could be. One Saturday morning, when the sun was just shining down, and filling the air with yellow haze, while the soft sea breeze called and whispered through the tender green leaves, the wife of our president came over to say that her husband had gone out to get up all the horses, and that all who wished to, were to go on an expedition into the gulches to hunt for oranges. Did I want to go?

I should say I did. I can tell you the dish towel buzzed around those dishes, and the broom almost hummed as things flew round to be ready in half an hour.

I just wish some of our dear little friends could have seen that cavalcade as it swung out of the big gate. There were little people on big horses, and big people on little horses. And Lillie didn't know how to ride at all, and none of us women folks were much better, unless it was Lucy K. B—— insisted on prancing his wild steed round his wife, who manfully bestrode a good-sized old cow of a horse and who laughed so, that what with not knowing how to ride, and what with her horse trotting and she with her hands hold of the saddle, and trying to whip and laugh and trot and ride, well—we all helped on the laugh, and she didn't care a bit. But she would persist in riding last, because her horse was the kind she wanted, too extremely "gentle," and then of course everybody had to wait now and then, and then laugh some more at her and her comical ways. But dear me, this is not getting up to the trees.

Suffice it to say, we rode and we rode. Over rocks, around side-hills with the narrowest and roughest of bridle paths,

under the grateful shade of lovely, overarching trees, through the creek, where great boulders intercepted our way at every step. At last the still dead quiet of the forests in the gulches makes itself apparent to us, and our very voices and the fall of our horses' feet seem to startle and frighten the silence with loud, unusual sounds. Up and down, across and across the creek, running down the ravine, crushing lovely ferns as we go—and at last we have a very bad place to cross. Fred gets off and tries to make things better, and succeeds in getting his foot wet, whereat we all expostulate, for Fred is not well and we are anxious over him. But at last we come out from under the trees upon a little cleared green spot on the hillside, and some one shouts, "here we are."

Stupidly I look up, expecting to see great balls of gold in their dark-green setting, but I don't see anything but a lot of trees, very much like all the others. However, riding nearer, I see some greenish oranges here and there in two or three trees.

"Oh, this takes out all the poetry," exclaims one, as he surveys the soaking wet grass which the others are going through, wetting shoes, petticoats and pantaloons. But while we talk, Bro. King has got a forked stick, and is at work; the boys tie knives on their sticks, and we soon are eating the juicy, sour, but excellent fruit.

When all is gathered, it is discovered that there is just enough for four apiece to every one on the plantation (at Laui Huli). So we joyfully take our share of the greenish pile, which lies half buried in the dewy grass, and once more mount our steeds. You know we women all ride astride, so you may be sure we are a graceful looking lot.

And so down through the gulch we slowly wend our way, coming out at last to the sight of the blue eternal sea curling into white smiles 'neath the sun kisses of the day-god!

And so home. Over the hill, and past the graves of our dead, past the church and school house, and up to the barn to meet the flying eager feet of the children who come to see if there are any oranges.

Our day was pleasant. And so are many of our days in this quiet peaceful spot. I only wish you could some day enjoy as we did an orange hunt.

## FAULT-FINDING REPROVED.

THE habit of fault-finding annoys and injures. It annoys those who prefer enjoyment to criticism, and it injures the fault-finder by depriving him of many sources of pleasure, besides making him disagreeable to his friends. Mr. Henry Crabb Robinson, an English lawyer, met a gentleman in Paris, with whom he spent several days in sight-seeing. The gentleman, like Iago, was "nothing, if not critical." Wherever they went, whatever they saw, he was always finding fault.

One day, he said to Mr. Robinson, "I will call on you to-morrow."

"I will thank you not to call," replied Mr. Robinson. "I would rather not see anything else with you, and I will tell you frankly why. I am come to Paris to enjoy myself, and that enjoyment needs the accompaniment of sympathy with others. Now, you dislike everything, and find fault with everything. You see nothing which you do not find inferior to what you have seen before. This may be all very true, but it makes me very uncomfortable. I believe, if I were forced to live with you, I should kill myself. So I shall be glad to see you in London, but no more in Paris."

## A SACRED HISTORY.

## External Evidences of the Truth of the Book of Mormon.

BY THOMAS A. SHREEVE.

Chapter XVII. (Continued)

CONTINUING his report to the San Francisco paper, the correspondent says:

There is every reason to conclude that in the remote past these clans or societies lived in buildings exclusively their own. Each clan among the Zuni makes a different kind of pottery and eats a different kind of food. They are distinguished also by different ceremonials. There are abundant evidences in Los Muertos of the same distinctions. The Los Muertos pueblo is accompanied by a large tribal oven, often from 15 to 20 feet wide and 10 feet deep. Another invariable accompaniment is a large mound called by Mr. Cushing for the first time a pyral mound, from the fact that it was the funeral pyre upon which the remains of the inhabitants were cremated and their ashes sacrificed to the waters. Each pyral mound is situated on the brink of the pueblo reservoir, which was provided with gates connecting it with the special canal which supplied the pueblo with water.

There was something peculiarly strange in this arrangement. The explanation could only be found in the sociology of the people and in their religious habits and beliefs. A unit of Los Muertos culture was a pueblo with its pyral mound, tribal oven and reservoir. Of these units the city was composed. But what shall be said of the temple building, with its wide halls, many stories and ceremonial courts? Was not this undoubtedly the evidence of civic government? This is the conclusion and it is self-evident; but still stranger to an inquiring and scientific mind was the presence of so many other cities exactly similar in architectural and topographical arrangements, connected with each other by the same system of irrigation, and each provided with the same central temple building. Why, within a limited area, should a people bound together by the tie of common interest, a people obviously of the same race and belonging to the same civilization, group their cultures in a series of small cities, when every suggestion of self-defense and association would appear to demand closer unity? No solution founded in political reason or controlled by topographical considerations, can account for the anomaly. The solution of this anomaly by the expedition was a happy accident, and yet it directly resulted from systematic scientific study.

When Mr. Cushing was living at Zuni, Professor Adolph Bandelier, now the historian of the expedition, was pursuing his ethnological studies in that quarter. Mr. Cushing, from his initiation into the Zuni tribe and priesthood, was recognized as an almost absolute authority in all matters concerning this interesting and primitive people. Among other questions, Professor Bandelier asked him this one:

"Why do the Zunis speak of the masters of the Six Great Houses? The Zuni town is one gigantic pueblo. What do they mean with their Six Great Houses?"

"I do not know," said Mr. Cushing. "It is strange, I confess, but there are six Masters of the Great Houses."

"I can hardly believe it," said Professor Bandelier.

"Well, there is a simple way of proving it. Ask that Zuni over there who is the Master of the North Great House."

Professor Bandelier accepted the experiment. At first the Zuni Indian hardly understood him. Finally he said, "Oh, you mean such a one," mentioning the name of a Zuni priest. "You will find him over there," and sure enough Bandelier found the Master of the North Great House. But that functionary could tell him as little about his Great House as Cushing. Doubtless Bandelier thought he knew even less. So he returned to the American Zuni and plied him with further questions.

"All that I can tell you," said Mr. Cushing, "is that there are Six Masters of the Great Houses. One is the Priest of the North, another Priest of the South, another of the West, another of the East; a fifth is Priest of the Under-World, the

sixth, the Priest of the Over-World or Skies. These six men, together with the Priestess, constitute the Supreme Council of the Zuni tribe."

"It is very strange," said Professor Bandelier, thoughtfully.

"It is strange," replied the ethnologist, "but I regard it as the survival of the time when each priest actually lived in his Casa Grande, or Great House."

"That is undoubtedly the probable explanation," replied Bandelier, "but in Heaven's name, where are the Six Great Houses?"

"I do not know," said Mr. Cushing. "Perhaps we shall find them if we wait."

The surprising fact is that the Great Houses of the Zuni priests have been discovered. These houses are great in more than size. They have a deep and mysterious significance. They unlock the secrets of the past, and throw light into a dark and difficult problem. It is as strange and as interesting a fact as science affords, that among the pueblos which constitute the cities of the Los Muertos system rise six Great Houses of the ancient priesthood. Nay, there are seven houses corresponding to just so many cities. The temple building, which is the central edifice of Los Muertos, Los Hornos, Los Pueblitos and the other cities, is the Great House of the ancient priesthood. To the astonished members of the expedition, this fact was at first regarded as a startling coincidence, but a still stranger discovery increased the wonder. A hasty investigation of the great ruin near what is now Mesa City, revealed the further fact that in these ruins alone of the entire seven, there were not one, but seven temple buildings! An apparent inconsistency will occur to the critic at once. At modern Zuni there are but six Masters of the Great Houses. At Los Muertos there are seven cities, six of which have one Great House, and the seventh of which is the proud possessor of seven Great Houses. The criticism, however, is superficial. The Supreme Council of the Zunis was composed of seven, the priestess constituting the last element of diversity, but the link which made this seven one. The Procession of the All, elaborately described by Mr. Cushing in the *Century* articles, explains the involution of this idea. It is the idea of six in one, very much like the Christian idea of the Trinity of three in one. In this Procession of the All, the performer assumes the costumes and masks of the six Gods of the North, East, South and West, the Over-World and Under-World, finally appearing in all the glory of the seventh, the mysterious All, of which the six were but diverse manifestations. At Los Muertos this idea appears in peculiar refinement. There are seven cities, six of which represent the six different manifestations of the Daimon, or great God of ancient culture. The seventh city contains its own temple building, around which are grouped six other buildings, emphasizing again the idea of six in one.

A recent trip made by the director of the expedition, Dr. Ten Kate, and the topographical engineer, Mr. Garlick, to Casa Grande—the great Casa Grande of the traveler, so often described and commented on by scientific men—revealed a still more astonishing coincidence. These ruins are on the Gila river, a little south of Los Muertos. Here, as well as on the Salt river, the traces of the ancient dams exist. The irrigating canals run perpendicularly from either side of the Gila across the plain. The Casa Grande of the traveler is not the only temple building on the Gila plain. Although the sands of the desert have blown over the Gila ruins and buried them as if in a grave, among the mesquites rises a complete series of seven cities, each with a temple building of the Casa Grande type, and no doubt the seventh or central city will be found to contain, upon more thorough investigation, the seven temples, thus completing the symmetry of the mythic idea. Here was the coincidence strengthened in a remarkable manner. What doubt could there be of method in this arrangement? It was as if the ancient cultures had told their history in a sort of cipher—"seven in one, and one in seven." Mr. Garlick, who had been connected with the United States Survey of the Southwest for years, added to the completeness of the hypothesis by pointing out that the system of ruins at Silver City, the system seventy-five miles east of Zuni, in fact, the entire chain of pueblo cities from Arizona to the Mexican plain, were arranged in groups of seven. But the significance of this numerical arrangement did not end here. Coronado, the



Spanish general, in writing of the seven cities of Cibola to the king of Spain in the sixteenth century, mentions the significant fact that the natives in speaking of the Seven Cities, "call them one." What charming accuracy in Coronado and how valuable the testimony is at the present time! In 1884, long before the cities of Los Muertos were excavated from the Arizona plain, Mr. Cushing delivered the address before the Geographical Society of New York. On this occasion he completely identified the Seven Cities of Cibola. "The ruined cities," he said, "are still visible near Zuni, in fact, on the ruins of one of the cities the modern Zuni pueblo has been constructed." Mr. Cushing identified the seven cities in a most simple but conclusive manner. Coronado mentions their names. The modern Zuni calls the seven cities by the same names as did the worthy Coronado in his valuable account of the mythical cities, which, owing to the reports of their great riches in gold and jewels, so excited the covetous greed of the old world. Could there be a more complete chain of evidence connecting the long succession of ruins in one? Obviously, this discovery of the seven arrangement is of the greatest scientific importance. The next question to the journalist is what became of the cultures? The modern Zunis number but 1,600 souls. There are a few other remnants of the race scattered among other pueblo tribes, but as the evidence is positive that no one of these groups of cities could have contained much less than 200,000 inhabitants, and probably a far greater number, the problem is, What became of them all? The cities are in ruins, deserted as if accursed. They have been buried beneath the soil; even the great canals have lain idle for centuries. Where have the cultures migrated? The man of science has his journey well defined for him. Wherever we find the seven cities we may confidently declare here has been the ancient culture. This journey may lead us as far as the palaces and temples of the Mayas of Yucatan and the halls of the Incas of Peru, but the journey will be certain all the way.

*(To be continued.)*

## HE INJURES NO ONE BUT HIMSELF.

BY R. C.

THAT was what people said of Charlie Archer, but I have some doubts as to the truth of the saying, and when I have told you some incidents of his career, perhaps you will agree with me.

Charlie's father was neither rich nor poor, which we have good authority for believing is about the best condition a man can be placed in. He was a merchant and his residence was in a town large enough to afford most of the privileges of a city, combined with many of the advantages of the country. This also was a point in his favor.

Mr. Archer, having never been to college himself, had a great desire to send his son there, but Charlie was not at all inclined to go, and his excellent old grandmother espoused his cause.

"The boy don't take to learning," said she, "and if anybody don't take to learning naturally, you can't drive it into 'em. Some is made for one thing, and some for another, and the thing they're made for, they'll do better at than anything else. The boy wants to go into business, and if I was you, I'd give him a business education."

This wise counsel prevailed. Charlie was sent to a business college, where he learned book-keeping and other things too numerous to mention, but each and all of direct practical use.

Then his father took him into his own store, where he had an opportunity to put in practice all he had learned.

So at the age of eighteen, behold our hero fairly launched

on the sea of life, with sunny skies and favoring breezes. Health glowed on his ruddy cheek, and looked out of his clear eye. He had the build of an athlete, and nothing had ever occurred to mar or warp his cheerful temper or his kindness of heart. In short, no element of a successful career seemed lacking. And yet he failed, as the title of my sketch has forewarned you, and the question is, whether in failing he really injured no one but himself.

Charlie had a sister—a fair-haired girl, as sweet and as fragile as a day-lily, the lily which blossoms in the morning and fades at night. If Katie did not absolutely worship her brother, it was because his friend, young David Grinnell, had grown up with them from childhood, and Katie expected one day to be his wife. It was not that she loved Charlie less, but David more.

One evening as Charlie took his hat preparatory to leaving the house, he beckoned Katie into the hall, and shutting the parlor door, said in a low, mysterious tone—

"Katie, I expect to be out late to-night, and I want you to open the door for me when I come home."

"Why, of course either I or somebody else will; you know father never goes to bed till we are all in."

"I know it, and that's the trouble. I don't want him to know I'm out, and he won't unless you tell him, for I told him I should stay in my room this evening casting up accounts."

"O, Charlie, how could you?"

"Why it's true. I have been there; it lacks only ten minutes of nine now. Come, say whether you'll let me in or not. It's no such great favor I ask. The only question is whether you choose to open the door for me quietly, or have me rouse the whole family."

"Must you go, Charlie?"

"Yes, I must; that's decided. It is a very important matter."

"I shouldn't mind, if you'd only let me tell mother."

"And so spoil the whole, for you know she'd tell father," said he impatiently. "I did think you were more obliging. Come, it's only for once. I promise you it shall never happen again. I'll speak to you under your window, and you can come down softly, and nobody be the wiser. Say yes, for I must be off."

"Ye-es," hesitated Katie.

"That's a good girl," and before she could add another word he was half way down the steps.

But Katie did not feel like a good girl. It was the first time in her innocent life that she had ever had a secret from her mother, and the reflection that she had one now, was a burden to her spirit. She could not bear to meet her mother's eyes, and soon crept off to her room with some poor excuse about a headache. It was two o'clock when Charlie returned, and long after that when Katie closed her eyes in sleep. That was her first lesson in deception.

Charlie had promised that the same thing should never happen again, nor did it precisely, for he soon found a way to steal out unknown to all; and when Katie heard a voice under her window, or pebbles rattling against the pane, what could she do but creep down and unlock the door?

It was when this had gone on about six months that Charlie took that famous drive to Pekin to attend a muster, in company with David Grinnell—a drive not soon forgotten by the friends of either.

At first David tried hard to dissuade his friend from going, but finding that impossible, he consented to accompany him purely for the sake of keeping him out of temptation, for he

knew his weakness, but strange to say, he had never spoken of it to Katie nor she to him.

But although he followed Charlie like his shadow, he could not keep him from drinking more than was proper, and by the time they set out to return home, Charlie was wholly unfit to drive.

David implored him to give the reins to him, but this Charlie refused to do, saying that he had hired the horse, and "it was his business to manage him, and nobody should interfere," with much more to the same purpose.

The animal, which was a colt, was as much excited as his driver, though from a different cause, being driven nearly wild by the music, the cannonading, and the general confusion of the muster-field. He shied at every stone, and every time he shied, his master gave him a cut with his whip, which, to his beclouded brain, seemed the proper method of quieting him. Contrary to David's expectations, they reached the limits of Thistledown in safety, but just then a brindle cow sprang suddenly from a clump of alders by the wayside, and ran across the road in front of the horse's nose, as cows have a bad habit of doing.

This was too much for the horse, added to all that he had previously undergone. He reared and plunged, then started on a full run, and when he turned the first corner, the catastrophe came—the wagon was upset, and the two young men were both thrown some distance.

A crowd collected immediately, and both were picked up and carried to the nearest house, insensible. Charlie was soon restored to consciousness, but David, never.

When the sad news was told to Katie, she said with an exceeding great and bitter cry—

"Dead, dead, and I killed him."

"She is losing her senses. She doesn't know what she is saying!" moaned her mother.

"Yes, I *do* know what I am saying," said Katie, "if I had told you and father about Charlie, you would have saved him, and this would never have happened!"

"I don't understand you, my child," said her father. "What have you kept from us? But never mind. Don't think about it now."

"Yes, let me tell you, for I have never had a minute's peace since it began."

And then she told them how, for months, Charlie had come home late, and how, latterly, she felt sure he had been where he ought not to be. That often his face had been flushed and his step unsteady, and she had kept his guilty secret for him. "But God has found me out," she added, "and I am punished."

She never alluded to the matter again, but went about with a heartbroken look, more pathetic than speech, and a smile far sadder than tears, till at last she faded and died, like the lily to which I have likened her. Her mother, unable to rise above the double affliction of her daughter's death and her son's disgrace, soon followed her.

The poor old grandmother survived a little longer, broken and enfeebled by these sad scenes, and then she, too, tottered to her grave.

What she seemed most to dwell upon in her last days was the misconduct of her grandson. I don't see where he got it—I don't see where he got it," she would murmur over and over. "I am sure none of the Archers was ever drunkards, nor none of the Temples as I know of."

For nearly a year after these events, Charlie kept aloof from his gay companions, which was rather a pity, on the

whole, as it induced a young lady to become his wife, in the belief that his reformation was sincere. As a matter of fact, it did not last beyond the honeymoon.

His father bore with him as long and as patiently as was possible, but, in the end, instead of taking him into partnership, as he had always intended, he was obliged to dismiss him from his service.

From this time his course was rapidly downward, and his wretched wife and neglected children shared the usual fate of the drunkard's family.

You will think all this is mischief enough for one person to have done, but it isn't a tithe of what he really effected, for I have said nothing of those who were led away through his influence, and of the loss to themselves and society of all they might otherwise have accomplished.

Let no young man flatter himself, and let no one say of him, when he chooses evil instead of good, that *he injures no one but himself*, for the thing is impossible.

## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

IT is difficult under some circumstances for Latter-day Saints to act up to the divine injunction which we have received—to acknowledge God in all things. So many untoward events occur, which seem at the time to be so utterly evil and to be fraught with nothing but evil consequences, that it tests the faith of the Saints to acknowledge the hand of God in them.

Have we not all, who have had any experience in life, repeatedly witnessed such occurrences?

The history of the Church abounds with instances of this character. Those who have been weak in the faith and of doubtful heart have had cause, as they supposed, to stand and ask, times without number,

Where are the evidences of God's providence in this condition of affairs? How can we acknowledge His hand in such afflictions as these we have to endure?

Not only have these doubts found expression concerning public matters, but they have been indulged in when private troubles and sorrows have borne heavily upon the soul. Yet, as time has passed and the public misfortunes which threatened to be so disastrous, and the private griefs which appeared to be beyond recovery, have all been removed, and a brighter and happier condition of affairs has been brought about, the faithful Saint can look back at the past events and say, with the poet:

God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform.

It frequently happens that those circumstances and occurrences which at the time we thought most unfortunate and most difficult to bear, prove to be, in the wise providence of our heavenly Father, great blessings. When this is the result faith is swallowed up in knowledge; for then the evidences of God's overruling power are plain to be seen.

It is this overruling providence of our God in the affairs of His Church which the unbelieving world do not take into account when making their calculations concerning us. I sometimes think that we ourselves do not value it as highly as we should. Human nature is too apt to think that success depends upon its own management and upon the correctness of the measures which it adopts, without recognizing the fact that



there is a Being infinitely greater than it, who controls all things to suit His own purposes and to accomplish His own designs.

Success or defeat, therefore, in our affairs does not depend so much upon efficiency or inefficiency, good management or mismanagement, as it does upon obeying or disobeying the counsel of the Lord.

Of course, those who do not believe in the gospel of Jesus, and who do not think the Lord is at the foundation of this work, never imagine that there is any providence connected with our movements, or that the Lord controls the results of our labors and efforts.

If, in any contest which occurs, the enemies of the work are defeated, the defeat is never attributed by them to the power of God, but to favorable circumstances and to good fortune and good management on our part.

To the faithful Latter-day Saint, however, who is conscious of his own weakness, of his lack of wisdom, of his limited understanding and power to accomplish great ends, it is a constant consolation to feel that, after he has done the best that he can, according to the light God has given him, the Lord will supplement that which he has done and control it to suit His own purposes. This consolation is enjoyed by faithful people in their individual affairs, and especially so in the public affairs and the great movements connected with the work.

I have had occasion to reflect upon this very much of late. Never before in our history have the Latter-day Saints been forced to assume positions so strange and peculiar as they have during the past few months. Every one who is familiar with what has been done can understand what I refer to. To preserve the liberties of the people, to preserve free and constitutional government, to preserve the country from spoliation and the people from being trodden under foot, that portion of the community which has retained the privilege of voting has been compelled to do many strange and surprising things. Traps were laid which it was thought our people could not avoid. But the Lord told His Saints in the beginning of this work that He would show the world that His wisdom was greater than the cunning of the adversary. And this has been abundantly proved to be true.

Never was there a more cunningly contrived plot devised to bring the Latter-day Saints into captivity than the measures contained in the Edmunds-Tucker law; and never were the Latter-day Saints more signally delivered than they have been from the sweeping and overwhelming results which it was confidently expected that law would have upon us and our liberties.

This deliverance is the more wonderful because of the peculiar position of the people. They have not had the full benefit of the presence and counsels of all their trusted leaders. The greater portion of these have not been permitted to move among them, and the people have been left, to a very great extent, to themselves.

The constant testimony of the Elders has been that this Church is led by direct revelation from the Lord. To my mind, the proofs of this were never more plainly manifest than they have been from the beginning of this persecution up to the present time. God's hand is to be seen in the shaping and controlling of all the events which are taking place; His wisdom is exhibited in the guidance of the people in the course they have taken.

It is said that to judge of historical events correctly, one must view them from a distance. I am sure that when the history of these trying days shall be written, our deliverance,

now seen only by the eye of faith, will be no less plain than many which all acknowledge the Lord has wrought out for us in the past.

THE topic now most talked about, probably, is the prosecution of the Church suit by the government before the Examiner. President John Taylor, the Trustee-in-Trust while he lived and had the management and control of the properties of the Church, had but little confidence in any plan which he heard suggested to save that property from spoliation. He seemed led to meet the issue which Congress had raised, by the passage of the Edmunds-Tucker law, squarely and openly. He was utterly averse to putting the property of the Church out of his hands with the hope to save it. He firmly maintained that we had acquired this property honestly and lawfully—it was the hard-earned fruits of the industry of the people which they had consecrated to the service of the Lord; it was used only for proper purposes, and was a source of benefit to all and injury to none; and was not in excess, either in value or extent, of that which was needed to carry on the work which the Lord had commanded us to perform. In the most vigorous language he denounced this plan to seize the property of the Church as a scheme of robbery, only equalled by the combinations of mobs in former days to drive us from our homes and steal our property. It was mobocratic violence and greed seeking to conduct its plundering operations under the guise of law. When the Congress of the nation enacts a law of this character, and the government and its officials feel themselves compelled to enforce it, what hope can the people have, he would say, to resist their attacks or to save their property from the contemplated robbery. On the side of the government were the law, the courts and all their machinery, with full power to execute any and all decrees; we would lie as powerless before them as we were in Missouri before the organized mobs turned loose upon us by the sanction of Governor Lilburn W. Boggs. The dominant feeling in his mind appeared to be: If Congress is determined to take our property in this unjustifiable manner—property which is honestly and lawfully ours by all the laws of God and man, and upon which they have not a shadow of claim, no more, in fact than a band of highwaymen would have upon the property of the peaceful traveler, or than a gang of pirates would have upon the cargo of the legitimate merchantman upon the high seas—then, having the power, and we not being in a position to successfully resist, they must take the consequences. We have endured such flagrant outrages and left our cause in the hands of God before; we could do so again.

President Taylor had a lofty sense of duty. He felt, to the fullest extent, the responsibility which rested upon him as the people's Trustee-in-Trust. He held himself accountable to God and to them for all that had been placed in his hands. If this were wrenched from him by a power he could not resist, he would have to submit and leave to a higher court than any earthly tribunal the defence and vindication of his rights; but in no other way did he feel to yield an iota of that which had been entrusted to him.

The seizure within a few days past of 8,000 shares of gas stock claimed by the officers of the government and the Receiver to be the property of the Church, fully reveals, even if their previous conduct in relation to other property had not done so, what we may expect—the seizure and confiscation of ever dollar's worth of property that can, by any possibility, be claimed as having belonged to the Church.

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2. On a pleasant summer  
3. Now my heart is sad and

twi - light Sit - ting by my cottage door Dream - ing of the happy mo - ments  
morn - ing Stand - ing 'neath that old yew tree First I saw the form and fea - tures  
lone - ly No - ra darling is at rest In the grave her babe is sleep - ing

*con Sca basso*

That on earth can come no more For the gem that caus'd the thrill - ing Of my heart, has flown a -  
That for years had haunted me Then I wooed with youthful ar - dor Pressed my suit the live-long  
Sweet - ly on its mother's breast Years have pass'd I'm old and fee - ble And I'm waiting day by

*Sves*

way And I miss the angel fea - tures Of my darling Nora Ray.  
day And when autumn leaves were fall - ing Then I married Nora Ray.  
day For the summons to the meet - ing With my darling Nora Ray.

Chorus.

Now with angels she is dwelling In that land where all is day And my lonely heart is waiting There to greet my Nora Ray



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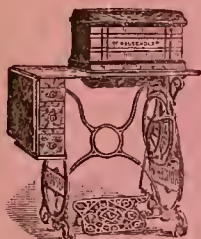
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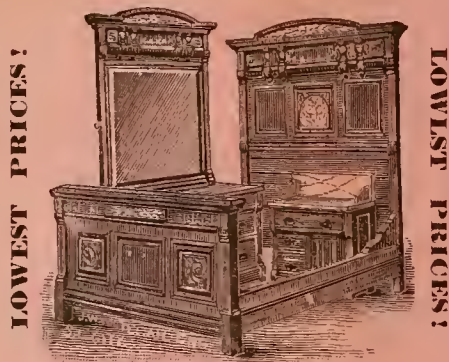
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